



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 729.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### ALICO AND MAILA,

OR THE INJURED AFRICANS.

ON one of the burning shores which gave birth to the fable Africans, dwelt ALICO, surnamed the Mighty, from his superiority over his countrymen in every attainment of savage excellence; in the chase he would spring on his prey with the swiftness of a pouncing eagle on the leveret; and by the power of his arm had often laid the felon tiger at his feet. He would climb with the agility of the rock-fox, the highest mountain or tree; and for dexterity in managing the bow and lance, ALICO was unequalled. His dwelling was a rude cavern, formed by nature at the foot of a forest, where he was blessed with a partner of his rushy couch, named MAILA, and with an infant, the first pledge of their mutual love. ALICO, thus employed the sweets which spring from connubial harmony and freedom, never extended his desires from the bounty of nature; he dreaded not the ravages of the tornado, nor the prowling tenants of the wood; but acknowledged a deity in the thunder of the Heavens, before whose voice he would prostrate himself on the ground in a prayer of gratitude. But the unhappy hour arrived when the sons of Europe, led on by the gale of traffic, first guided their bark to these hitherto secluded shores.

It was not with a desire to exchange the social smiles of friendship, or to instruct the untutored race in the blessings of civilised nature, but to profit by their unnatural commerce in robbing the mother country of her children, to sever from each other's arms fond relatives and friends, and transplant them in slavery in distant lands. Their ship approached just as ALICO had armed himself with his bow and quiver, and left his dwelling to seek for food. MAILA was sitting alone, tending her infant charge, and waiting his return, when the thunder of a musket and the shrieks of terror assailed her ears! She started up at the unknown sound, and, straining her infant to her fluttering breast, went trembling to the entrance of her cave; but who can paint her surprise or dismay as she surveyed the strange race dragging furiously, unmindful of age or sex, her fellow natives by the limbs, and loading them with chains! Some, who spurned restraint, and whom the love of liberty animated to a resistance, she beheld fall victims to the poinards of their cruel oppressors. Ready to sink she was just returning, when, in the middle of the injured groupe she traced the features of her aged father. Fired with the impulse of filial affection, she rushed forward to the scene of rapine and murder; and, with streaming eyes, throwing her arms around him, fell insensible on his neck. The heavy stripe of the Europeans soon brought MAILA from the transitory resignation of her reason, when she felt her tender frame bowed down with the iron load, and linked to her unfortunate parent; they embraced, hung over each other, and wept at their unhappy destiny; they called upon the name of ALICO, imploring his assistance to revenge their unmerited injuries, but all the entreaties of dumb eloquence were unable to excite the sensations of mercy a-

mong the flinty-hearted Europeans, who exercised on their limbs, the lash of arbitrary power as they forced them along the beach.

ALICO now returned from the fatigues of the chase, and bore on his shoulder the fruit of his toil. He entered the cavern, and, easing himself of his burden, turned round to give his MAILA an affectionate embrace, when lo! he missed both her and her child. Thrice he made the cavern resound with his MAILA's name; but alas! no other answer greeted his ears, save the echo of his plaintive voice. Wild and furious as the maniac, he armed himself doubly, and rushed out to seek her; he took the same road as the barbarians had done before him, and gained sight of his MAILA, just as the boat was conveying her from the shore. As the fond dove, who has left his nest to seek food for his mate, finds it on his return with full bill empty of all that is dear to his heart, and perceiving her whom more than life he loves, in the talons of the devouring hawk, he drops his food, closes his wings, and dies; so fell the fond and faithful ALICO, when he beheld his MAILA torn for ever from his arms, and under the controul of cruel strangers; despair seized his brain; and disdaining to survive his loss, he cast an imploring eye on him who holds the scales of justice in his hands, then plunged headlong into the waves, and vanished for ever.

### THE ART OF SCRATCHING THE HEAD.

THE faculty of thinking is almost inseparably connected with scratching the head. It was for this reason that Champfort said, "I have no great opinion of people with well-dressed and powdered hair, because they cannot venture to rub their hands round their heads."

The thoughts which flow to the brain produce a frequent titillation in the neighbouring region; and, therefore, the man of reflection must scratch himself often; the block-head who wishes to pass for a man of wit scratches himself still more; and the woman who has something to do more important than that of thinking scratches very seldom. The manner of satisfying so universal a want ought to have been an object worthy of attention and emulation among men. But I see with regret that I must go back to antiquity, in order to find out the traces of this most simple and convenient practice. In the free cities, which contained as many rivals as citizens, an attentive observation of each other was the great art of life; and the science of physiognomy formed an entire part of the study of public jurisprudence. Barbarians judged of a hero exactly as they found him; but subtle republicans examined him more closely, and wished to know why they admired him. I have read Tacitus, Machiavel, count d'Avaux, and cardinal de Retz, and I have not found in them any thing that can be compared to the policy of Alcibiades, when he caused the tail of his dog to be cut off, in order to confound the prattling idlers of Athens. It is to be presumed that he was the person who invented the mode of scratching the head with the point of the finger: this elegant exercise was in unison with the lisp- ing which distinguished that great and accomplished man.

The practice passed from Athens to Rome where it made such progress, that it became proverbial to describe men of delicate research in the following words, *Qui digito scalpunt unto caput*. I ask the pardon of my young fellow-citizens for making use of expressions unknown to them; but Juvenal, from whom I have taken the passage, was such a pedant, that he never knew how to write a word of French.

Licinius Calvus has left us an epigram, in which he asked a young woman who was scratching with the point of her finger, if she was not looking for a husband? But this was only idle talk on the part of a poet jealous of those who were good scratchers; because he himself was bald, as his name imports.

If there be any fact authenticated in history, it is this, that Pompey, who was oftener called the handsome than the great, never used more than one finger in scratching his head. For this he has been done justice to by the tribune of Claudius, by Seneca the elder, Ammianus Marcellinus, and the Emperor Julian.

Julius Cæsar, another Roman still more illustrious, signalised himself in a similar manner, as we learn from Cicero and Plutarch. It is really worthy of remark, that the empire of the world was then contested for by two men who were the best scratchers of their age; and, for the honour of the gods, I would willingly believe, that, at Pharsalia, they decided in favour of him who had brought the art to the highest degree of perfection.

There can be no doubt but that, for the last ten years, we have inherited this fashion from the Greeks and Romans; and all our young heads, rounded after the manner of the ancients, are so many proofs of the fact. Is it not, therefore, grievous to behold those pretty black heads scratched with such barbarous rusticity? I am ready to faint away then, in the midst of a saloon, or in the most elegant company, an Alcibiades or an Antinous opens his hands like two great combs places them behind his ears, and in that form drives them from the bottom to the top of his head, leaving ten furrows in his hair to bear testimony to their passage.

### THE TWO AMBASSADORS.

AN EASTERN ATOLOGUE.

AN Indian monarch entertained at his palace two men of letters one who devoted his whole time to books was accounted a prodigy of learning—nothing could abate the ardour of his studies, so that he soon excelled his companion, who however was amply compensated by possessing uncommon penetration and an astonishing presence of mind. Both being ambitious of renown, they mutually envied one another, and each secretly decried his companion. Not knowing to which to give the preference, the rajah sought for a long time an occasion to put their talents to a trial. At length an opportunity presented; having occasion to send embassies to some neighbouring princes, our two scholars were appointed the ambassadors; each was to carry with him a chest, which he was given to understand was filled with magnificent presents; the man of profound learn-



ing presented his as he had been ordered, but was struck dumb with amazement when he discovered, on its being opened, that it contained nothing but cinders; and not being able to answer the interrogatories of the monarch on this strange present, he was disgracefully driven from the court, and returned covered with confusion, to the rajah, his master. The other ambassador likewise presented his chest, which was not more richly laden than that of his companion; but he, when he discovered the contents, without appearing at all disconcerted, replied, that the king, his master, having lately made a great sacrifice according to the rites of their religion, had appointed him to renew the alliance which had so long subsisted between them, and to strengthen it by the usual ceremonies. Thus saying, he repeated a short prayer; and taking a cinder between his thumb and fore finger, made a mark on the monarch's forehead, who received this token of amity with every mark of respect. Our ambassador, laden with kindnesses and presents, returned home, attended by a numerous escort, where he experienced the most flattering reception from his sovereign. Every one admired his address and presence of mind, in extricating himself from so unpleasant a situation; and, finally, he received the most honourable distinctions, and arrived at the highest offices of the state; while his rival, notwithstanding his profound learning, was totally neglected, and sunk into an obscurity from which his laborious works will never rescue him.

In active life, penetration and good sense are of more value than profound erudition.

#### PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

WAS lately tried, in the Court of Common Pleas, an action of damages for breach of promise of marriage, brought by a Miss Hand, of Hambro', against Mr. Kilton, of Hyde-street Bloomsbury. The evidence consisted chiefly of the letters which the defendant had written from London to his mistress at Hambro'. These occasioned infinite mirth. In the first place they disclosed that Mr. Kilton, was a journeyman tallow chandler; for, in painting the ardor of his attachment, he borrowed many terms from his art. Although it appeared that he was not always in a melting mood, he talks of his soul being dissolved, of being dipped in wretchedness; of his heart being cast in a delicate mould; of the store of happiness which he conceived was awaiting him; of his love burning clear; of his liver being consumed like the wick of a candle; of his fears lest her passion died away like the flame in the socket of a candlestick, &c. &c. There was one passage which afforded peculiar amusement, as it reminded every one of the stile of a noble Marquis, who, after painting the ardour of his passion, stops suddenly short to descend upon the price of wheat in Reading market. "My love, (says Mr. Kilton) my angel, my hand, when shall we be joined together, and mixed like wax and spermaceti? By the bye I have had news for your brother. Tallow is as high as ever, and at present there is a prospect of its rising higher still. As such he cannot do better than buy any that comes in his way."—From an able cross-examination it came out that this disconsolate virgin is 37 years of age, and the fickle-swain more than a dozen years younger! It was however proved that he had married a woman with five or six hundred pounds, and had dipped into a very profitable melting trade. The Jury, to dry up Miss Hand's tears, gave her a verdict for one hundred pounds.

[Lond. pap.]

#### PAROCHIAL ERUDITION.

WHEN Captain Grose once requested permission to take out of the church at Walton upon Thames, a brass plate, in order to make a drawing of it, he received the following grammatical and elegant epistle from the churchwarden.

"Sir, I am sorry I can't be agreeable as to what you ask me to do, but by the canonical law, nobody must not presume to take nothing out of the church, especially the sacred utensils, upon pain of blasphemy. I must therefore refuse the brass monumental tombstone which you desired, but you are welcome to come into the church, and draw it about as much as you please."

#### LICENSED GAMING.

The French Government draws very large supplies from the licences of Gaming-houses; of which there are great numbers in Paris. One Gaming-house alone, in the Palais Royal, pays one thousand Louis per month, and if the sum is not paid up with punctuality, the house is shut up. They play roulette, a kind of E. O. and centinels are placed at the door, as if the house belonged to some person of rank.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### SONG.

Written and set to music by Mr WILSON, of the New-York Theatre.

BLEST were the hours in which I stray'd,  
When evening winds refresh'd the grove,  
Beneath the poplar's pleasing shade,  
I listen'd to his vows of love.  
And when the moon reveal'd her beams,  
I sigh'd to bid my love adieu,  
I saw his image in my dreams,  
He told me all his vows were true.

Thou pleasing vision, sweet and fair,  
Ah! happy dream! where art thou now!  
All broken and dissolv'd in air,  
Just like a faithless lover's vow.  
The rosy morn, the evening pale,  
I heed not now those hours are past,  
And the once-pleasing summer gale  
Is cheerless as the wintry blast.

#### SONNET TO VIRTUE.

THE foaming surges, which the furious storm  
Has rous'd to vengeance, wreak their dreadful ire  
Upon yon frowning rock's terrific form,  
Against which winds and roaring waves conspire.

But all in vain! his deepest pond'rous base  
Is fix'd in earth, immovable and sure—  
In spite of persecution keeps its place,  
And in its mighty strength abides secure.

The virtuous man that braves the thund'ring shocks  
Of envy, sickness, loss of friends, and death;  
Their fierce assaults, and wild commotion, mocks,  
And calmly sees their fury sink beneath:  
Serene and cheerful, lives his little span,  
And yields his breath in peace with God and man.

#### THE EMIGRANT.

OH pity me! a poor unhappy stranger,  
Whose miseries a kind relief demand;  
Who from a scene of wretchedness and danger,  
Sought for a refuge in this peaceful land.  
Oh how my lab'ring bosom throbs with anguish,  
Fall oft a tear starts from my aching eye,  
For here a prey to want and pain I languish,  
Here far from friends and home I'm doom'd to die.  
Far from a land where discord and oppression,  
Have fix'd their gloomy and terrific reign,  
I fled—I left my country and possession,  
And brav'd the dangers of the boist'rous main.

Calm was the ocean, bright the smiling morning,  
When to my native shore I bade adieu,  
The rising sun the glorious scene adorning,  
Bade cheering prospects open to my view.  
Our sails were fill'd, a steady gale was blowing,  
Swift flew our bark along th' Atlantic way;  
Our conscious hearts with purest joy were glowing,  
While dolphins in the deep were seen to play.  
Soon chang'd the scene—the furious tempest roaring,  
Heav'd waves on waves, upon the raging deep;  
While from the clouds th' overwhelling torrent pouring,  
With fury fell upon the tossing ship.

An awful darkness hover'd o'er the ocean,  
Loud thunders roll'd along the angry skies,  
The livid lightning flew with rapid motion,  
And scenes of horror open'd to our eyes.

High o'er our masts the foaming surges swelling,  
Broke on our shatter'd bark with horrid roar,  
In vain our skill—the furious winds impelling,  
She struck, and stranded on the rocky shore.

O night of horror! all that I possess'd,  
Was in one moment in the ocean lost,  
And I, with pain and misery oppress'd,  
Am a poor stranger on Columbia's coast.

Oh! pity me, a poor unhappy stranger,  
Whose miseries a kind relief demand;  
Who 'scap'd from scenes of wretchedness and danger,  
Now seeks a refuge in this peaceful land.

#### REMARK.

MEN who have a conceit of their own volubility, love to find ears to exert their talents upon.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### ULA:

ATTEMPTED AFTER THE MANNER OF OSSIAN.

THE battle's over, and the conquerors return bright in their arms; light are the hearts of the victors, but heavy is that of disconsolate ULA: for thou art fallen, O friend of my youth, in the glory of thy deeds art thou slain by the spear of the foe. No more will thy jetty locks flutter in the breeze, O chief! no more will thy full dark eye give fear to the hearts of thine enemies; for thou art fallen, O youth of the raven hair! The day had dawned when thou wentest to the field; the rising sun smiled on thy burnished arms; thy plaid fluttered in the wind, and the zephyrs played in thine azure plume. Thy death wound is given, O my dark-headed love! thou art stretched on the plains of thy chiefs. Thou camest from the forests of woody Morvan. Thy life was as faultless as thy days were few. I would have gone with thee to the fight, but the thoughts of my father restrained me. I saw thy painted vessel quit the land; the wind filled the sails, and blew towards the coast of Erin. Thy sails swell my love, but not more than the bosom of thy ULA. I ascended the sharp-pointed rock; the voice of my father arrested my steps; I returned to his arms, the shades of night fell, and you came not. Again did I go to the rock, the dark wave washed the shore, and drear was the face of the sea. The sound rose on the wind, of harps from my father's hall. The song of his bards called his child to return,—and these were the words that swelled to mine ear:—

"Who sits on yonder pointed rock, and turns her anxious eyes towards Erin, while she dashes the tear from their fringed curtains? Those tears will dim thy sight, O maid! yet feelest thou not a speck in the horizon? It is the bark of thy love; maid of the flaxen ringlets, beware; stay thy purpose, nor trust the rolling wave. Leave not thy father's hall, to fly with thy choice of yesterday. He may deceive thee, and leave thy blue eyes to weep. Then wilt thou bewail the hour that led thee from thy native rock. In vain wilt thou wish for thy father's voice calling to his child from the shore. No more will the songs of the bards be glad in thy praise; their harps will be mute for shame. Thy fire no more will taste the shell of joy. His heart will be sad when his daughter is gone. Will the child of his bosom forsake him? Thy father is aged, O maid! thou art in youth, and able to guide his steps. Ah! think should the number of his years shut from him the light of day; then thou alone support him. Thy white arm should help thy father's fire. Oh! MALVINAL thou would'st not leave the darkened FINGALL no, daughter of TOSCAR! thou guidest him; he is benighted in his way, but thou help—est him; leaning on thee he gains the rugged mountain; by thy care he shuns the dangerous precipice. Thy silver-toned harp awakes his soul, and the hero thinks on the times that are gone; and the voice of thy song lulls him to repose. . . . Descend, O maid of the cliffs! think of the fate of DAR-THULA, that maid of the dark-brown hair; descend thee, O maid! it is the bark of thy love."

It was the bark of my love; thy breathless corse was borne to the shore; thy life-blood flowed on the sand.—Peace to thy shade, O youth! I'll to the Hall of Shells; the bards shall sing the glory of thy death: the harp shall be struck, and thy praise shall be sounded, O chief of the dark-brown hills! Lend me thine harp, O daughter of TOSCAR! teach me to sing the death-song of my love. The winds are abroad, and the waters rise; blue mist covers the hills; the song of the minstrel is heard in the gale; they sound the shell to the ghosts of the slain. Spirit of my love descend; give to thine ULA an air-strung harp, that her strains may become immortal.

ELIZA-ANN.

#### WINES.

THE English, in the 16th century, were remarkably luxurious in their wines. Harrison mentions fifty-six sorts of French wines, and thirty-six of Spanish, Italian, Greek, Canarian, &c. which to the amount of 20,000 tons, were yearly imported. The strongest of these were always accounted the best.

"Furthermore," says Harrison, "when these had their course which nature yeeldeth, sundry sort of artificial stoffe must succede in their turn, yppocras and wormwoode wine, beside stale ale and stronge beere—to these we may add clarey and bracket."—"the strongest wine he elsewhere says, is called Theologicum, and the laymen, when they wished to spend a singularly jovial hour, used to send for wine to the parson of the Parish."



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1802.

The city clerk reports the death of 27 persons during the week ending on the 11th instant, viz. Of disorders not mentioned 8, old age 3, worms 1, sprue, 1, cholera 1, decline 1, consumption 4, child bed 1, palsy 1, relax, 1, sudden death 1, fist 1, small pox 1, dysentery 1, drowned 1. Of the whole number, 10 were adults, and 7 children.

#### FIRE.

On Monday evening, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, the city was alarmed by the cry of Fire, which broke out in a stable on the west side of New-street. The flames spread with great rapidity to the adjoining buildings, which unfortunately for the proprietors, happened to be composed of wood; and the street being narrow, the destructive element soon communicated its ravages to the opposite side, where the buildings were likewise of the same materials. Our Firemen and Citizens displayed their wonted activity upon this occasion; but from the dryness of the wood and the great quantities of hay deposited in the stables all their efforts were for some time unavailing. It was past 11 o'clock before the flames were entirely got under, at which time nine or ten stables were completely consumed, as also the dwelling-house of Mr. John Morrison, and Mr. Michael Little's spacious long room, together with most of its furniture. It is difficult to ascertain from what cause the fire originated, but it seems to be universally believed, that it proceeded from accident. Had it happened at a later hour, a number of valuable houses must, in all probability, have been lost; and a much greater devastation of property committed. It is probable however, that the damage sustained cannot have been short of ten thousand dollars.

The awful and alarming spectacle, with this scene exhibited, together with the rapid progress of the flames, affords the most convincing proof of the wisdom of our Common Council, in forming that ordinance, which prohibits under severe penalties, the erection of any wooden buildings in the thick settled part of the city. [E. P.]

A letter has been received from the consul of the United States for the kingdom of Morocco, dated July 27th, stating, that in consequence of the overtures which had been made to him on the part of the Emperor of Morocco, and of the contents of dispatches received by him from the government of the United States by the frigate Adams, which was but lately arrived at Gibraltar, he had returned to his post at Tangiers; and that he was about commencing a negotiation for the termination of hostilities between Morocco and this country. But he expresses no opinion as to what may be the result.

We learn that Mr. King, by the leave of government, was to have left England, about the 29th of August last, on a tour to the continent of Europe, and that he would be absent two or three months. Mr. Christopher Gore, one of the commissioners of the United States, under the 7th article of the late treaty with England, acts, during Mr. King's absence, as the charge des affaires of the United States at London.

We understand that Mr. Otto, the French Minister to this country, will not leave England till February next; when Mr. Merry, the Minister of England, will also leave Paris; and that in the spring both will repair to the United States. [Nat. Intel.]

The ship Iris, arrived at this port on Sunday in 40 days from London, spoke on her passage, a vessel from Lisbon, the captain of which informed him that the differences between the United States and the Emperor of Morocco were accommodated amicably.

#### FROM BORDEAUX PAPERS.

The American ship Brothers, captain Moses Homblet, from Havana, loaded with coffee, sugar, and hides, bound to Bordeaux, was drove ashore on the coast of Montmufson, vessel and cargo lost, captain and crew saved. She was insured to the amount of 27,000 francs at Bordeaux.

An American ship called the Philadelphia, of about 460 tons, bound to Antwerp with a cargo of sugars, coffee and indigo, tea, linens and cotton, piloted by a Dutch pilot which she got at Flushing, was run ashore on one of the banks of the Scheldt. This event has determined the merchants to apply to the Government for French pilots, to be stationed at the mouth of the Scheldt, for the more safe navigation of the river in future.

The following paragraph appears in a London paper of the 26th August.

By mails arrived yesterday from Hamburgh, we have received an authentic copy of the treaty concluded between France and the Prince of Orange, who formally renounces the dignity of Stadtholder, and abandons all claims to his territorial property situated in the Batavian republic or its colonies. The enjoyment of all annual and permanent rents arising from his possessions in that quarter is however, secured to him in the same manner as to other possessors of rents. The indemnification made to him consists of the bishopric of Fulda and some more territories granted to him in full sovereignty.

On the 28th of May, in the midst of a violent storm, there fell at Paz-a-Michel in Hungary, three large masses of ice, each forming a square of three feet and two inches in thickness, and weighing eleven quintals; eight men were unable to move them. The greatest part of them were remaining on the third day afterwards, notwithstanding the extreme heat which succeeded the storm.

#### SMUGGLING.

A few days ago, a hearse, drawn by two horses, stopped at an inn, in Alnwick, without any other attendants than the driver. A person more curious than the surrounding spectators, peeped through a crevice of that vehicle of mortality, and discovered, instead of a coffin, an assemblage of chests firmly packed in straw. The discovery, however, produced only a hearty laugh at the ingenuity of the deception, and the smuggler and his cargo departed without any further investigation. [Lond. pap.]

#### FRANKFORT, (XEN.) Sept. 6.

Just as our paper was going to press we were informed that a gentleman had arrived in town from N. Orleans, which he left on the 1st of August. He saw several French officers, at that place, who, it was generally reported, were sent by their government for the purpose of taking possession of Louisiana. Sixteen sail of French merchantmen were below, and their arrival at the city was hourly expected; but whether they had any troops on board, we have not learnt. The Spanish residents at Orleans are much dissatisfied with the expected change of Masters.

#### PARIS FASHIONS.

The Head dresses, a la Titus, though evidently wearing out of fashion, are still considered becoming; long hair is worn turned up in the form of a pyramid, and leaving the neck exposed. The combs continue to be placed in a vertical direction, they are ornamented with Cameos, engraved on Shells or Cornelians. The rose-colour has succeeded the sky-blue for robes. With regard to ribbons the rose-colour is more prevalent than that of the lilac and the jonquil. Plaids are sometimes seen on our fashionable fair. Almost all the robes have a frill of lace Vandyked. Short waists will be soon as common as large sleeves. The robes have either no train or very long ones. Some of our Elegantes wear drawn cloaks hanging down like a long veil; this fashion existed four years ago. Several braces or crosses on the back; half handkerchiefs of lace are worn as head-dresses. Straw hats, black and white, are worn, edged with lace.

#### MORTALITY.

LET none on future time rely  
For none can be too young to die.

#### DIED.

On Wednesday morning, at Harlem, in the 19th year of her age, Miss ELIZA BRADHURST, daughter of Doctor Samuel Bradhurst. Her remains were interred in the family vault at Harlem Heights.

Thou youth and beauty in its prime was cropp'd,  
Thus fell ELIZA, loveliest of the maids;  
When from its brittle stem untimely lopp'd,  
So the sweet rose in one short moment fades.

On Wednesday afternoon, after a lingering illness, Mr. LAWRENCE WHIPPO, in his 25th year. It would be an useless task to attempt to pourtray the many excellencies of this young man, or the estimation in which he was held by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance. The deep regret occasioned by his death fully evince his worth, and renders panegyric unnecessary.

In peace his ashes rest,  
And o'er his grave, each dawning day,  
Shall weeping Friendship bend.

#### COURT OF HYMEN.

TILL Hymen brought his love delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r!  
The world was sad-- the garden was a wild--  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd-- till Woman smil'd!

#### MARRIED.

At Mendham, (N. J.) on Wednesday evening August 25th by the Rev. Amzi Armstrong, Mr. DANIEL DOD, to Miss NANCY SQUIER, both of that place.

On Thursday, last week at Flat Bush, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Low, Capt. HENRY BOWLER, of Philadelphia, to Miss BELINDA VAN CLEFT, of Flat Bush.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Low, Mr. JOHN MOON, to Miss CATHARINE SHARPE, both of Brooklyn.

On Thursday evening by the Rev. Dr. Kunze, Mr. JAMES SELL, merchant, to Miss HANNAH SCHMELZEL, daughter of Mr. George Schmeltzel, merchant, all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Filmore, Mr. THOMAS ANGELL, to Miss ELIZABETH COUTLTHARD, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. JOHN D. KERSE, to Miss CATHARINE KIP.

Same day, on Long-Island, by John Seaman, Esq; Mr. DANIEL BEDFORD, of Nine-Partners, to Miss HANNAH SEAMAN, of this city.

#### TO OUR PATRONS.

Being disappointed in the receipt of new Printing Materials, with which it was our intention to have embellished the fifteenth volume of the MUSEUM, we are obliged in consequence, to defer its commencement until the 1st of January next.

#### THEATRE.

On Monday Evening will be presented, the Tragedy, of  
**Macbeth.**

To which will be added, a Farce, called,  
**Fortune's Frolic.**

#### NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

Those Young Ladies, who cannot conveniently attend day school, are hereby informed that an Evening Class for young women only, will be opened at No. 178 William-street, near the North Church, on Monday next. As Mr. FRASER keeps a CIRCULATING LIBRARY, the young ladies will (occasionally) be indulged with the perusal of some chaste and entertaining books.

Some cents a week to make a girl a scholar  
Is nought, says ANN, I'd freely give a dollar;  
We all should read, I think, before we marry,  
Let's go, says JENNY, SALLY, KATE and MARY.

NB. Hours of attendance from 6 till 8 o'clock.

#### JOHN WENDEL, FURRIER,

No. 118 William-street,

Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for their past encouragement, and hopes that notwithstanding the envious insinuations of his competitors, to merit a continuance of their patronage. He has now on hand an extensive assortment of MUFFS and TIPPETS, which, owing to his intended departure for Europe, will be disposed of at reduced prices, viz.

North-west brown Martin MUFFS and TIPPETS,-- Martin Tail and Tip do. do.---Common Brown do. do.--- Mock Brown do. do.---German Brown do. do.---Brown and Black Jennet do. do.---Fine Black Canada Bear do. do.---Fine Silver Grey Russia do. do.---Red Fox do. do.---with a large collection of TRIMMINGS for Cloaks, and Martin Skin Caps, of every description.

The above goods are warranted to be equal in quality to any manufactured in the United States. Oct. 16. 4w 1

#### GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PAWTERER, No. 298 Water-street, between Peck and New slips, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extensively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured equal to any imported. Worms for Sills, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles.---An Apprentice wanted to the above business. Oct. 16, 29 1y



## COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON FALSE SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT,  
And the generally debased condition of Mankind.  
[Said to be written by P. FENEAU, of New-Jersey]

DOES there exist, or will there come  
An age, with wisdom to assume  
The rights by Heaven design'd;  
The rights which man was born to claim,  
From Nature's God which freely came  
To aid and bless our kind.  
No Monarch lives, nor do I deem  
There will exist one power supreme  
The world in peace to sway,  
Whose first great view will be to place  
On their true scale the human race,  
And Discord's rage allay.  
REPUBLICS, must the task be yours  
To frame the code which life secures,  
And right, from man to man?  
Are you, in Time's declining age,  
Form'd only fit to tread the stage  
Where tyranny began?  
How can we call those systems just,  
Which bid the few, the high, the first,  
Possess all earthly good;  
While millions, robb'd of all that's dear,  
In silence shed the ceaseless tear,  
And leeches suck their blood!  
Great orb, that on our planet shines,  
Whose power both light and heat combines,  
You should the model be,  
To man the pattern, how to reign  
With equal sway, and how maintain  
True human dignity.  
Impartially to all below  
The solar beams unobscured flow,  
On all is pour'd the ray,  
Which warms, which cheers, which clothes the ground  
In robes of green, or breathes around  
Life, to enjoy the day.  
But crowns not so—with selfish views  
They partially their bliss diffuse,  
Their votaries feel them kind;  
And still oppos'd to human right  
Their plans, their views in this unite,  
To embroil and curse mankind.  
Ye tyrants, false to HIM, who gave  
Life, and the virtues of the brave,  
All worth we own or know,—  
Who made you great, the lords of man,  
To waste with wars, with blood to stain  
The Maker's works below!  
You have no iron race to rule;  
Instruct them well in Reason's school,  
Inform our active race;  
True honor to the mind impart;  
With Virtue's precepts warm the heart,  
Not urge it to be base.  
Let laws revive, by Heaven design'd  
To tame the tiger in the mind,  
And drive from human hearts  
That love of wealth, that love of sway,  
Which leads the world and you astray,  
Which points evenom'd darts:  
And men will rise from what they are  
Superior, and sublimer far  
Than Solon guess'd, or Plato saw:  
All will be just, all will be good,  
That "harmony not underfoot"  
Will reign the unerring law.  
For, in our race, derang'd, bereft,  
The parting God some vestige left  
Of worth before possess'd,  
Which full, which fair, which perfect shone,  
When love and peace, in concord frown,  
Rul'd and inspir'd each breath.  
Hence the small good, which yet we find,  
Is shades of that pervading mind  
Which sways the worlds around:  
Let these depart, once disappear,  
And Earth would all the horrors wear  
In Hell's dominions found.

Just as yon tree, which bending grows,  
To chance, not fate, its fortune owes;  
So man, from some rude shock,  
Some slighted power, some hostile hand,  
Has mis'd the fate by nature plann'd,  
Has split on Passion's rock.  
Yet shall that tree, when hew'd away,  
(As human woes have had their day)  
A new creation find;  
The infant-shoot in time will swell  
Erect and tall, from that which fell,  
To all that Heaven design'd.  
What is this Earth, that Sun, these Skies,  
If all we see on man must rise  
Forsaken and oppress'd?  
Why blazes round the eternal beam,  
Why, Reason, art thou call'd supreme,  
Where nations find no rest?  
What are the splendors of this ball,  
When life is clos'd, what are they all;—  
When dust to dust returns,  
Does power or wealth attend the dead,  
Are captives from the contest led,  
Is homage paid to urns?  
What are the ends of nature's laws?  
What folly prompts, what madness draws  
Mankind in chains too strong?  
Nature to us confus'd appears;  
On little things she wastes her cares,  
The great seem sometimes wrong.

### AN EVENING SCHOOL.

Will be opened by the subscriber, on Monday, the 1st inst. at his room, in Mott-street, three doors above the new English Lutheran Church; where WRITING, ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY, &c. will be taught; strict decorum insisted on; and the utmost attention paid to his pupils. No scholars will be admitted who are not so far advanced as to write.

WALTER TOWNSEND.

October 9, 1802.

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### SINGING SCHOOL.

Will be attended by Mr Kimball, Mr Edson, and Mr Kitchel, the ensuing season, on Monday and Friday evenings, at their respective rooms, commencing the 4th inst. The four first meetings, the doors will be open for Ladies and Gentlemen who may wish to call; after which time they will be shut against all but subscribers, and they admitted only by ticket.——NB. Price of tuition Two Dollars per quarter, one dollar to be paid on receiving the ticket, and the remainder at the expiration of the term.

October 2.

3w 1

### TO THE PUBLIC.

A REPORT having prevailed for some time, that the FURRIERS, who carry on business in WILLIAM STREET, have, from time to time, sold colored or dyed Bear and Martin Skin Muffs and Tippets, and attempted to palm them on the public as the genuine color of the skin:—I beg leave thus publicly and solemnly to declare, that I never have sold any such base and spurious articles; and altho' I cannot deny the probability of such articles having been offered for sale in the above-mentioned Street, yet I pledge myself to my friends, customers and the public, that none such have, or ever shall be offered for sale in my store.

FRANCIS WUNNENBERG.

120 William-Street, Sept. 30, 1802.

27 3m

### For the Use the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,  
Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts; common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Astringent Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frisets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swandown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c.

June 26 13 3m

### CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Just published, and to be had at Fenelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and increasing Circulating Library, part III, containing a selection from his last importations of the latest and most approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the first catalogue of which was published in the year 1799, to be had at said Library to make the present complete.

28th August.

### HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

### DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents.

July 24

### Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetter, and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchon's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do.—also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price—pints 1 dollar 25 cents—half pints 75 cents.

May 22d, 3m

1 128

### ROBERT LITTLE,

informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the best of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider:—Also Claret wine of a superior quality.

Cash for empty Bottles.

June 19, if

### TICE'S

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never soils. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. TICE'S signature, as none else are genuine, by G. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-street.—June 12

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISSON.

No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Price—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.

PAID IN ADVANCE.